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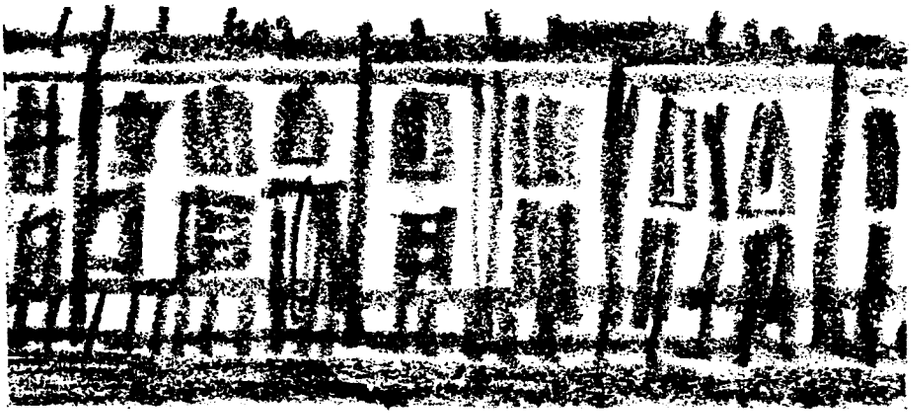

HOUSING THE POOR

Woody Klein

CONCORD AT LEXINGTON

Robert McAfee Brown

FATE OF A PATRIARCH

Thomas E. Bird

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CORRESPONDENCE

Marxism and Atheism

Washington, D.C.

To the Editors: The interesting thesis of Marcel Reding in "Marxism without Atheism" [May 7] is meaningful, and tenable, only if it is true that for Marx work does constitute man's alienation from himself, that victory over *this* alienation is the essential superstructure of Marxism. Thus I suggest that the crux of the problem of atheism vis à vis Marxist-Christian dialogue is one step more fundamental than Reding asserts, that it must be established first that the Marxist superstructure is man's overcoming alienation resulting from work. But, I submit, the essence of Marxism is profoundly more deep-rooted. Charles N. R. McCoy has argued astutely, and I think conclusively, in *The Structure of Political Thought* (New York, McGraw-Hill, 1963, ch. 9 and 10 esp.) that the essential tenet of Marxism is this: to be truly himself, man must be his own God, must endure *no* alienation from himself. If this is true, then it follows that atheism is inherent in Marxism and that grounds other than those suggested by Reding must be found on which to attempt any Marxist-Christian dialogue—if any grounds for dialogue remain.

RICHARD H. ROSSWURM

Marx's Religion

New York, N.Y.

To the Editors: I have read with much interest Marcel Reding's article, "Marxism Without Atheism?", in the May 7 issue of COMMONWEAL.

I wish to point out that it contains one statement which is not historically true. The sentence reads, "It is true, of course, that Marx was an atheist all his life. . . ."

Marx's parents were Jewish, but in 1824, when Karl was six years old, the whole family was baptized into the Christian faith, and evidently Karl embraced that faith until 1841 when he was finishing his doctoral studies at the University of Bonn, and came under the influence of Bruno Bauer.

In 1835 when Karl Marx was seventeen he wrote two examination papers, the first of which was "Observations of a Young Man on the Choice of a Life-Work." In this essay we find such phrases as, "To men God gave a universal aim—to ennoble mankind and oneself," and ". . . the Deity does not leave mortals entirely without a guide. . . ."

The second paper was entitled, "The Union of the Faithful with Christ According to John 15:1-14, Exhibited in Its Ground and Essence in Its Absolute Necessity and Its Effects." This paper quoted many texts from the Gospel. (For an English translation of extracts from this paper, see Dr. Robert E. Fulton's book, *Original Marxism—Estranged Offspring*, published by the Christopher Publishing House, Boston, in 1960.)

The turning point in Marx's thinking, and indeed in his career, seems to have been his friendship with Bruno Bauer. In 1841, Bauer wrote, "The Historical Criticism of the Synoptic Gospels," which challenged the historicity of the Gospel story, and claimed that Christ as a historic person never existed. Feuerbach's *Essence of Christianity* also appeared in 1841 and this too influenced Marx.

A full treatment of the subject of Karl Marx's early career is to be found in Dr. Fulton's book.

W. STANLEY RYCROFT

Teachers' Costs

Glen Riddle, Pa.

To the Editors: There seem to be some fallacious conclusions in the article by Anthony Seidl, "Those Expensive Lay Teachers" [April 23]. Mr. Seidl questioned his own data because questionnaires were either not answered or answered partially. At the same time Mr. Seidl relies heavily upon Sister Concepta's dissertation which concerns specifically the findings based upon questionnaires sent to her Congregation only. Although these data represent a cross section of the country, they might easily be colored by traditions and customs of a single Congregation which would not necessarily apply to other religious groups.

The first question concerns salary. Sisters would hesitate to discuss "salary" because according to Canon Law it is the duty of the Community or Congregation to supply the needs of the Sisters. The Sisters themselves do not receive "salaries"; the regular check paid for their services goes to the Superior whose task it is to distribute the funds of the house.

The conclusions drawn about the total cost of Sister's living expenses are also questionable. If it is true that a Community must subsidize a Sister's annual expenses, many factors enter into the situation. Perhaps the Sister is being educated; and the parish or high school where she teaches or the hospital in which she works is not responsible for the expenses involved. Should not a pastor expect his teaching Sisters to be trained before he receives them? The expense of ordinary education is the obligation of the Sister's Community. Second, it is often true that certain missions staffed by individual Communities are too poor to sustain themselves and are subsidized by the motherhouse. Furthermore, in Communities which operate no hospitals and/or do not have health insurance for their members there would be a need for help in time of serious or prolonged illness. All these items would be included in the subsidies mentioned without qualification in the Seidl article.

Mr. Seidl also cited an article by Monsignor McManus listing what we might call "fringe benefits" enjoyed by the Sisters. One example was a convent costing $150,000 which ultimately cost the parish $300,000 after mortgages were paid. This citation is not honest unless one numbers the Sisters living in the house and adds the total number of years the house would be expected to stay habitable. Multiply the number of Sisters by the number of years and divide into either the original figure or the higher one, and one will

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discover that such a place to live does not constitute a "fringe benefit." Furthermore, except in new parishes or in those where the first convents have long since ceased to be adequate for a bulging population because of an enlarged school, many new convents replace old ones which were far from habitable—and sometimes for many years. In the same parish, one usually finds equally adequate living accommodations for the priests as the Sisters enjoy in the new convent. Nowhere does Mr. Seidl mention those parishes where neither the priests nor the Sisters have modern, convenient living quarters.

It hardly seems fair to select the fictional "Minnie" from a state with the high standard of living found in California. Would not a Sister's lay counterpart be a professional career woman? In the study being conducted at Notre Dame on Catholic Education, the workers are gathering average salaries. A listing of the salaries paid in the various states to public school teachers indicates a low average, too, because some states pay extremely low salaries to their teachers. On the basis of the two norms: low rate of pay for lay teachers and the fictional "Minnie" Mr. Seidl concludes that it is not the lay teachers who are an expense to Catholic schools; it is the Sisters.

In listing the "fringe benefits" enjoyed by the Sisters, Mr. Seidl did not indicate the "fringe benefits" enjoyed by the schools and parishes where these expensive Sisters teach. Many train altar boys, take care of the sanctuary and sacristy, play the organ, train a choir, do secretarial work, teach CCD classes (often several times a week), help needy families and poor students (poor two ways sometimes), and engage in many extra- or co-curricular activities which are voluntary tasks.

Even though some Catholic schools have a minimal scale of salaries for their lay teachers, studies have shown that these lay teachers prefer to teach in Catholic schools for a variety of reasons. No mention was made of the many dioceses in which salary scales

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WHO NEEDS ENEMIES?

The fact that the House of Representatives overwhelmingly approved the foreign aid authorization bill exactly as it was reported from committee was encouraging, but not very interesting. The action was expected, and the bill itself, which now goes to the Senate, is nothing to get excited about. The debate on the bill in the House, however, had a certain interest; there were curious moments of illumination, when one might get an indication of the status of foreign aid in today's Congressional cerebrum.

The Primitives, of course, performed according to style: Congressman H. R. Gross (R., Iowa) pictured "assorted foreign governments . . . able to lick their chops in anticipation of the gift packages they will receive throughout the next 12 months from that wonderful Uncle Santa in the White House. . . ." He used words like "leeches" and phrases like "filched from the pockets of Americans" and appeared to think that "Foggy Bottom" was still a term of smashing derision.

But Gross' performance was surprisingly isolated. The debate reflected —L.B.J., rejoice!—considerable consensus. On the one hand, most of the bill's critics hurried to reassure their audience that they firmly supported the "basic objectives" of the aid program. Supposedly only various specifics—too much dabbling here, too much waste over there, too much Executive say-so—bothered them.

On the other hand, the bill's supporters made constant gestures to placate what they imagined was the opposition. This resulted in those quaint reversals characteristic of American discussion of foreign policy: It was the bill's supporters and not their conservative opponents who generally rumbled on about the Communist menace and the value of military assistance and the fine work U.S. business does around the world. While presenting the bill before the House, for example, the chairman of the House Foreign Affairs Committee made this choice in-

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terpretation of the 1964 Brazilian coup: "Every critic of foreign aid is confronted with the fact that the armed forces of Brazil threw out the Goulart government and that U.S. military aid was a major factor in giving these forces an indoctrination in the principles of democracy and a pro-U.S. orientation." A little later, he stated that "I think most of us would agree that the best thing that could happen to develop the undeveloped countries would be for the U.S. businessman to undertake operations there." When the duly appointed guardian of a foreign assistance measure argues like this, is it hard to understand why Congress generally deals with foreign affairs so poorly?

The problem of Congress' role in foreign policy-making was specifically the subject of another speech during the House debate. Congressman Benjamin S. Rosenthal expressed great reservation about current U.S. foreign policy; he complained of a Congressional "conspiracy of silence about Vietnam in particular and foreign affairs in general"; and he hoped that "future debates over foreign aid will initiate all-encompassing and open discussion of American foreign policy."

The Congressman's suggestion is intriguing, but not helpful. Foreign aid debates, in fact, have long been the focus of all the frustrations—whether relevant or irrelevant to overseas assistance—which Americans have felt about international politics. Congress should debate Vietnam under the rubric "Vietnam" and not "foreign aid" lest more trouble be generated for the aid program —and at a time when the program's scope appears limited not so much by the strength of its hard-core opposition as the hesitance of its supporters.

NO SOCKING, PLEASE

Coming fast on the heels of New York's new "stop and frisk" and "no knock" laws is the so-called "no sock" law now before the state legislature and likely to be imitated elsewhere. The measure would make it a crime to resist arrest or to assault a police officer in self-defense while he is arresting you, even though the arrest is later proved to have been illegal.

Given the present mood of the country, any law that seems to support the police is likely to be popular. This is especially so in states with large cities and serious minority problems. And there are some good arguments in favor of a "no sock" law; anything that would reduce resorts of violence is certainly welcome.

The major argument of the "no sock" defenders, however, is that it will provide legal protection to policemen from physical assault. But this is patently absurd if we stop to consider that in almost every case in which a policeman is assaulted, he is involved in the legal performance of his duty. Undoubtedly rare cases occur when an innocent person physically resists an illegal arrest. There is the notorious Cruz case, when mistaken identity involving a Puerto Rican youth and a plainclothesman led to the serious wounding of the former and a minor injury to the latter. The arrest was declared lawful, and presumably Cruz could still be prosecuted for resisting. The policeman was protected under present law.

The problem with the "no sock" law is that it seems designed for the special, the unusual, case. In the South, for example, civil rights workers unlawfully arrested could be prosecuted for non-violently resisting arrest. The same is true of ticklish cases involving Constitutional rights: lawful assembly, free speech, and so forth. Citizens, by not cooperating in the abridgement of their rights, including the right not to have their privacy invaded, thus become criminals. How this protects the policeman in the lawful pursuit of his duties eludes us. It is simply not a good law.

ROLE OF THE PRESS

One of the interesting exchanges at the recent Catholic Press Association convention in New York came after a talk by Robert Hoyt, editor of the *National Catholic Reporter*, on liberty in the Catholic press. Hoyt had insisted that the primary responsibility of any editor is to his readers, a traditional enough notion, but one that is transforming the Catholic press. Hoyt had discussed the heavy criticism the *Reporter* received for pursuing the story about a secret directive of the Holy See which ordered the American bishops to refrain from participating in common worship with non-Catholics. What was the chief responsibility of the Catholic press here? To the institution which apparently wanted no publicity about the matter, or to the general community of believers who have a right to know about decisions that affect their lives, particularly decisions which seem to repeal official acts of the Vatican Council?

Suppose, said Hoyt, that the attorney-general put out a secret directive to American law enforcement officers ordering them not to enforce the Civil Rights Act until further notice. Would the American press' responsibility be to the government, which has a stake in having no light shed on the matter, or to the people at large, who have a right to know what is going on?

Speaking from the audience, Auxiliary Bishop Philip

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Hannan of Washington was not pleased with Hoyt's analogy. He suggested a better one could be found by meditating on the role of Presidential press secretary George Reedy, who dispenses only that information which the President sees fit, in the public interest, to let the people know. This was a strange enough comparison to suggest to a convention of editors, all of whom are trained to go beyond official handouts.

Bishop Hannan is to be complimented for entering into dialogue with Catholic editors, which is rare enough, but his view of the Catholic press' duty is a dying one. The press does not report and analyze only those problems and stories which have been certified by institutional authority. Part of its job is to report on the institutional authority itself, regardless of whether the authority in question has private reasons for withholding information.

In the case of the secret directive, the press' responsibility to investigate was crucial, first of all because the right of bishops to allow participation in interfaith worship was settled by the Vatican Council, and secondly because the directive cited as the source of its authority "the Holy See"—a vague enough entity: does this mean the Pope, the curia, or merely the U.S. Apostolic Delegate acting on his own? In fact, reporters for both Catholic and secular journals have been unable to track the directive back beyond the Apostolic Delegate, who has no authority to supersede a decision of an ecumenical council. Far from being as example of irresponsibility, this case demonstrates how important a free and open press is to the health of the Church.

NEWS & VIEWS

Gathering of the Klan

A grinning, middle-aged Negro stood in front of a department store in downtown Durham, N.C., and watched red- and white-sheeted Ku Klux Klansmen stroll up and down the sidewalk in front of him. "Was a time we'd all run and hid," he said to his wife, casually. "Times sure have changed."

Times haven't changed everywhere obviously. Klan membership grows. Klansmen author murder, bombings, floggings and church burnings in the South.

But it was an April Saturday afternoon in Durham in the prosperous Piedmont section of North Carolina, which doesn't see many Klansmen. And the Klan of terror, the Klan of violence, never quite came through. A Northerner getting his first glimpse of flesh and blood knights of the KKK almost had to remind himself what the sheets and hoods stood for.

It wasn't the Klan's fault. They came—200 to 300 strong—looking most serious and very purposeful. A meeting was scheduled for that night north of the city. Vice President Humphrey's arrival in the area for a two-day round of speechmaking caused them to put in an appearance in the business section of Durham at the time Humphrey was arriving at a nearby airport. But the Klan came on the scene too late to set the tone of the day.

College students by the hundreds, predominantly white—from Duke, North Carolina, North Carolina State, North Carolina College—streamed into the downtown section ready for a good time. They lined both side of Durham's Main street for four blocks, amusing themselves until the coming of the Klan by shouting jibes at one another back and forth across the street. Late afternoon shoppers, Negro and white, swelled their ranks. It was a college homecoming parade by the time the somber-faced Klan made its appearance.

When the first flight of a dozen or so Klansmen rounded a corner, a half-dozen students half-sang, half-yelled a chorus of "We Shall Overcome" in their faces. Across the street another white sheeted bloc emerged. "Trick or treat," several students yelled. "Mommy, buy me one of those costumes," a student in bermudas, sweat shirt and sandals whined at his girl friend. Klansmen squinted, pulled their lips tight and moved up the street.

The good-natured ribbing and playful banter, amid periodic bursts of applause and yelling, continued as the Klan—walking in groups of 10 to 12—penetrated the clogged sidewalks on both sides of the street. The appearance of Grand Dragon J. R. Jones of North Carolina in a bright green outfit brought a noisy following of students to his heels. "Do you stomp on it, or wrap presents with it," a student cracked. The Grand Dragon's expression didn't change.

There were many grins among the Negro shoppers as the Klansmen filed by. It might have been a self-conscious reaction, but this wasn't the impression an observer got. A woman old enough to have known the Klan of the 1920's gave her companion a poke as a crimson sheet swished past. "Alice, I'm gonna get me a dress just that color," she said. A newspaper photographer caught a Negro teenager smiling at a row of stony-faced Knights. His expression caught perfectly the mood of most Negroes in the crowd. The exceptions were the young civil rights types gathered in small clusters matching the Klan glare-for-glare. This in-

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jection of a note of seriousness was lost in the jovial uproar.

Older whites were more reserved. Still, they craned their necks to see, smiling and shaking their heads at the antics of the students. There seemed to be little interest in the Klan itself, or the meaning of its visit.

Country Boys

For about an hour the Klansmen marched—country boys come to the city, alert lest the slicker try to put something over. Reddened faces scraped and scrubbed; the hint of slicked-back hair under the hoods; paunches on the older men outlined in the sheets; shuffling rather than swaggering; cigars clenched firmly between pudgy lips; members of the female auxiliary, also robed, holding tightly to husband's hand; small children being pulled along by sheeted arms; a few old men's faces looking out of place and out of a time among the younger ones.

"We've got nothing to hide," the Imperial Wizard told reporters, and the statement will be forever connected in my mind with the sight of a half dozen Klansmen hiking up their sheets to straddle counter stools in a small cafe. It was that kind of experience.

Later, I stood watching with several others as the Klansmen pulled away from a nearby parking lot in cars emblazoned with the four K's. For awhile the open-mouthed stares we drew from the passing cars—this street corner gathering included two Negro men, two white men, a white woman and a Lumbee Indian—amused us.

Then several Klan cars stopped in front of us for a red light. A man—sheetless—suddenly emerged from one of them and went up to the car. He conferred a few moments with his fellow Klansmen, and returned to his own car. They stared menacingly at us from both cars now, and for several moments there was a feeling they might do more than look. But the light changed and they drove off. For a second, one of the Negroes, a Northerner, said later, he had tensed in the realization that while he probably had nothing to fear from the Klan as a group, any one individual—deranged or overstimulated—could represent a threat to him. At the same time, however, the squat, wheezing little man who emerged to waddle up to the next car destroyed the Northern stereotype. The Klan was no longer sheets and twisted faces and burning crosses and rifle-carrying nightriders. It was men—squat, wheezing little men who waddle.

J. MICHAEL ARISMAN

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SIDELIGHT ON CYPRUS

FATE OF A PATRIARCH

As the world is observing the centenary of the near-genocide of the Armenian nation at the hands of the Turks, it is tragically ironic that the Turkish government is unwisely affronting the opinions of mankind once again. Following a cabinet meeting devoted to the Turkish-Greek-Cypriote situation, the Ministry of the Interior in Ankara has announced that citizens of Greece face deportation. Meanwhile a delegation from the Department of Taxation has made an audit of the books of the Ecumenical Patriarchate aiming at "closer control" of its affairs. In an interview granted by the Deputy Premier of Turkey, the operations of the Phanar as "a state within a state" were assailed and it was made clear that the total expulsion from Turkey of the Primatial Throne of Orthodoxy is a definite possibility.

Pressure on the patriarchate is not new. Harassment by the Turkish authorities has been varied and ingenious. Threats of demolition of the entire area of the patriarchal establishment in the northwestern section of Istanbul, usually on grounds of "city planning and renewal," have been in the air for several years. Two years ago it was stipulated that only a third of the matriculated students at the patriarchal college-seminary of Halki could come from outside Turkey (thus significantly cutting down the number of students who could be admitted from Greece). No one but the patriarch is permitted to appear on the streets in clerical garb.

Previous Incidents

In the summer of 1963, when the patriarch applied for a visa to attend the thousand-year anniversary celebrations of the Great Lavra on Mount Athos, he was kept waiting until the eleventh hour before receiving it. The same discourtesy occurred in January 1964 when permission was requested for the patriarch to

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go to Jerusalem for his historic meeting with Pope Paul. In the spring of 1964 both patriarchal publications, the monthly *Orthodoxia,* and the weekly *Apostolos Andreas,* were suppressed by the government. Members of the 12-man synod have been expelled despite their Turkish citizenship. While nearly 13,000 Greek citizens have already left the country (9,000 in the last year), something close to 4,000 remain. What will befall the nearly 35,000 Turkish citizens of Greek descent who live in Turkey is anyone's guess.

The reason for Turkey's attitude is understandable; the reasoning is faulty. Reasonable efforts by Turkish authorities on Cyprus and on the mainland (in response to Archbishop Makarios' unilateral abrogation of the treaties of 1960) have proved unavailing. Thus, on the assumption that a Greek is a Greek is a Greek, they apparently feel pressure brought to bear upon the Hellenic colony in Istanbul will produce the desired results in Athens and Nikosia. On the face of it they might seem to have a point. But on deeper inspection, the realities prove to be quite different. The patriarchate wields neither the political influence nor the ecclesiastical authority which the Turkish stance credits it with. The Church of Greece has not been governed by the Patriarchate of Constantinople since 1833. The Cypriote Church (which traditionally ranks immediately after the five major patriarchates of the Orthodox world) has been self-governing since the Council of Ephesus in 431.

Intervention Unlikely

Added to this atomization within Hellenic Orthodoxy are two facts which make patriarchal intervention in the current conflict even less likely. (1) Church and State do not live in undisturbed harmony in Greece. The Church is established and suffers all the trials and difficulties which that creaturehood entails. The idea of ecclesiastics dictating policy to the Greek government is unthinkable. (2) Archbishop Makarios III, President and Ethnarch of Cyprus, is one of the most fiercely independent and strong-willed statesmen of our era.

Makarios' political passion for union with Greece raises an interesting question about his status should *enosis* come about. Orthodox canon law provides for a single Church in a given state. As the successor to St. Barnabas in New Justinianopolis, Makarios enjoys much more prestige, authority, and independence than Archbishop Chrysostom of Athens, whose position has existed but a little over a century and a quarter. One wonders whether Makarios is prepared to accept a demotion in the hierarchy by becoming a suffragan of Athens as well as suffering reduced political power.

If this deliberate campaign of intimidating the Ecumenical Patriarchate is continued as threatened, there will be little choice but to transfer it. The most probable choice for relocation is the holy mountain of Orthodoxy, Mount Athos. Several factors militate in favor of this monastic republic: it is located on the Greek peninsula where encroachment by an unfriendly government is remote. Since it is already under patriarchal jurisdiction, no reshuffling of church boundaries would be necessary. Monastic foundations have flourished on Athos for over a millennium drawing from Bulgarian, Georgian, Rumanian, Russian, and Serbian as well as Greek national backgrounds. The catholicity of nationalities would provide a most suitable setting for a prelate styled "ecumenical" and claiming a kind of pre-eminence over world-wide Orthodoxy.

Thus, while it would be a painful and tragic experience to have the patriarchate abandon a see founded over sixteen centuries ago, the over-all result would probably be an improvement. In any case, the actual power of the see has so diminished that, despite the importance of Constantinople to Orthodox Christians as a symbol of their history and the sympathy its loss would arouse, it is doubtful anyone will rush to its aid.

For one thing, the theoretical primacy enjoyed by the Patriarch of Constantinople in the Orthodox world is difficult to define. In practice, it has dwindled with the passage of centuries, particularly the past century, through unilateral action by the various national Churches; by direct challenges from other patriarchates; and most resolutely by the pan-Orthodox conferences of recent years. (In 1964, for example, the meeting on Rhodes voted that any local national Orthodox Church is "free to continue the cultivation of sisterly relations with the Roman Catholic Church," but that this must be done "on her own behalf and not in the name of all Orthodoxy.") The Ecumenical Patriarch, then, no longer enjoys a monopoly either of representation or of policy-initiation within Orthodoxy. If the Turkish government follows its announced course of action, the Phanar is completely vulnerable and cannot realistically expect tangible support from any influential quarter.

March 13 marked the fifth year of Cyprus' independence. Before a sixth anniversary is observed, a final solution to the Cypriote problem may well have taken place. It will not come, however, without more bloodshed and heartache in the Mediterranean.

THOMAS E. BIRD

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ALL THINGS CONSIDERED

CATHOLICS ON CAMPUS

For every student on one of the 295 Catholic campuses in the United States there are more than two Catholics attending a secular college or university. That is the equation now. By 1985 it is estimated that there will be 2.9 million Catholics in higher education, with 2.4 million of them—more than 80%—on secular campuses.

These are the figures cited recently by Archbishop John J. Krol of Philadelphia in calling the Newman Apostolate "not a luxury but a necessity." We can only hope that all those who still nourish the illusion that all Catholics belong in Catholic colleges will study the statistics with care. Whether or not it would be good for all Catholics to attend Catholic colleges is a completely moot question; in point of fact all of them could not attend, both because of sharply rising costs and sheer lack of room.

How are the religious needs of Catholic students on secular campuses to be met in the years immediately ahead? An article by William J. Whalen in the April *U.S. Catholic* discusses this point in detail. Before World War II, Mr. Whalen points out, Newman chaplains were rare and campus chapels and student centers even more rare. Many Bishops regarded secular institutions only with suspicion; Catholics who attended them fell into the category of second-class citizens.

The post-war years changed all this. Today there are about 250 full-time Newman chaplains and some seven hundred more who serve part-time. Approximately two hundred campuses have their own Newman Centers, in some cases elaborate complexes including a large chapel and generous facilities for lectures and classes.

That is the positive side of the matter. Putting the case more negatively, though, one can see the dimensions of the problem. Out of 2,100 U.S. colleges and universities, Mr. Whalen writes, less than half report any kind of Newman program at all. Some that do make such a claim have only a paper organization. By Mr. Whalen's calculation, an active Newman program can be found on only one campus out of three.

Even more dismaying is the chaplain-student ratio. On the Catholic campus, Mr. Whalen reports that the ratio of priests or religious to students is about one to thirty-five. The ratio of full-time Newman chaplains to Catholic students on the secular campus is one to 3,100. One chaplain even reports 10,000 Catholic students under his care.

How many Newman chaplains do we need? The ideal is supposed to be one priest for the first 300 Catholic students and another priest for every additional 500 to 700 students. On this basis it was recently predicted that in ten years time 1,500 full-time chaplains would be needed—more than five times the present number.

Where are the priests to come from? One source, hopefully, is the religious orders. Groups like the Paulists are already deep in the Newman apostolate, but far larger communities like the Jesuits are hardly involved at all. (Mr. Whalen reports that of 4,693 American Jesuit priests, only 12 are engaged in Newman work and most of these are part-time assignments.)

There is no doubt, I think, that the bishops are also going to have to draw more Newman chaplains from the diocesan clergy. In some places this won't be easy, but in other areas one cannot help getting the impression that many priest are doing work that could just as well be done by laymen. In this category, for example, I would classify the teaching by priests of high school math, science, etc., etc.

Then there are the nuns—a vast resource waiting to be tapped. I have made this point before so I will not belabor it, but why should it be imagined that these dedicated women are predestined only to the teaching of children? There should be nuns on every secular campus where there are Catholic women in residence.

Last and by no means least are the lay people—a resource so far even more untapped than nuns. But as more and more laymen receive degrees in theology a pool of real talent will become available. Often enough, I am sure, this training could be put to better use on the secular campus than in a Catholic college.

One thing I am sure of: the presence of so many Catholics on secular campuses demands from us great flexibility and imagination. The answer certainly does not lie in extending ourselves beyond our real capabilities—in starting more of our own colleges, for example, with what would have to be inadequate facilities and faculties, excused by the claim that "good Catholic training" is to be given. No, this time around, I am convinced, the issue must be met head-on and the problem faced on the secular campus itself. When that is done, the Church in this country will have taken a giant step forward.

JAMES O'GARA

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HOUSING THE POOR

Even the promise is too little

WOODY KLEIN

I ask Congress to continue, on a modified basis, the existing housing programs which have proven their ability to meet important housing needs.

—President Johnson, in his message on housing, March 2, 1965

I been trying to get into the project for eight years . . . Nobody answers me. So we got to live here. It is so tight. Two rooms for the five of us.

—Francisco Matos, a slum dweller in East Harlem, N.Y., 1965

Six flights up in the crumbling tenement at Number 311 East 100th Street in the heart of New York's Spanish Harlem, Francisco Matos, a tired Puerto Rican laborer, lives with his wife, Candida, and their three children.

They have been trapped in this house of horror since 1946. The physical world in which they live revolts them, but they are unable to move out. They can only afford to move into low-rent public housing and that is not available.

"I been trying to get into the project for eight years," Matos tells you when you ask him about his 19 years in this house. "I make two times application for Housing Authority. Nobody answers me. So we got to live here. It is so tight. Two rooms for the five of us."

The cramped, lightless six-by-ten-foot bedroom in which Matos and his wife and daughter sleep had a huge hole in the ceiling for many months before it was repaired. Their flat is on the top floor of the tenement. "You could see the sky," Matos recalls. "I fix it myself at the beginning of the winter when the snow came in."

Life on the top floor of Number 311 has been a nightmare for the Matos family. "Our apartment has many troubles," Matos explains. "Three year no steam heat. All the time we got rats, sink broken, pipes broken. We like to move from here but it is impossible. The neighborhood is bad. Noise and fight. Too many dope addicts. Too much gambling and crime. Too many drinking."

Matos' main need is a clean, modern apartment, a "decent, safe and sanitary" home—as the federal government likes to describe its goal for every American family. But in New York City such a dream is all but out of his reach; there is a waiting list of 100,000 families for such apartments in public housing.

The shortage is so acute that few persons can get an apartment without some kind of political pull.

If ever the phrase "housing is politics" were true, it is plain in the case history of the house and block in which Matos and his family live. East 100th Street between First and Second Avenues in Manhattan has been a slum showplace for nearly a decade; every important politician, social worker, clergyman and newspaper man in and out of New York has been there. But it is still the slum it always was.

This is the Achilles Heel of the Johnson Administration's 1965 housing proposal. The President's appeal to plan, preserve and beautify the American central

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city and its suburbs is a worthy vision, but the tools he has recommended in this year's housing bill are not adequate to lift Francisco Matos and his family out of the depths of slum life in East Harlem.

The President's plea for improving the metropolitan areas, although eloquent and stirring, was not supported by concrete proposals. It would not, even if carried out tomorrow, make any appreciable difference to the 5,000 slum dwellers piled layer upon layer inside the 27 rotting tenements, including Number 311, on East 100th Street in New York.

Real Poor Overlooked

Just as the poor, the real poor in the back rooms of the slums, have been forgotten in many local war-on-poverty projects, so too have they been overlooked by the new housing program.

Mr. Johnson's request did not carry with it sufficiently large requests for money and quantity of low-rent public housing for the poor. With housing programs such as the one he asked for, his dream of a Great Society can not come true in our lifetime.

The White House was compelled to ask Congress for housing funds this year. Federal grants for that purpose had dried up in some municipalities late last year. The President asked for more, but he didn't ask too hard.

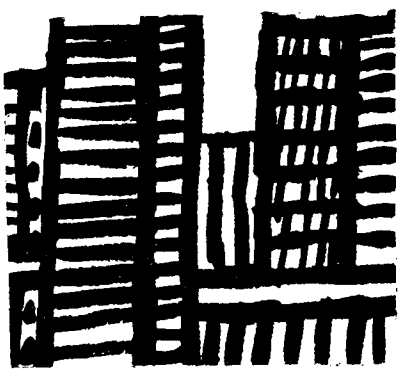
There was a careful avoidance of anything that would have offended the real estate industry. It was a timid, almost routine, request, filled with pleasant-sounding phrases and concepts. It was not very bold. It came as a disappointment even to fellow Democrats, such as Mayor Robert F. Wagner in New York.

The President's appeal for a modest 35,000 low-rent public housing apartments per year for the entire country is far short of the current need. If Congress authorized 10 times that amount for the next five years, it would still not be enough to rehouse the 38 million Americans who live in one kind of slum or another.

The President himself admitted the inadequacy of his bill. "Whatever the scale of its programs," he said, "the federal government will only be able to do a small part of what is required." Yet, in the same breath, he told this nation: "By 1975, we will need two million new homes a year."

Mr. Johnson called for changes in the public housing laws so that federal money can be spent to rehabilitate slums and make them available for low-income families. But he failed to ask for changes within the same laws to make it easier for the worst off among the poor to get into public housing. Restrictions against persons with police records, unmarried mothers and other such social misfits must be removed if the indigenous poor are to be given a hand.

The current government housing programs enable the sophisticated poor, who know how to seek and use help, to improve themselves, but the others are lost. An army of people remain unacceptable even to the lowest form of government-built housing; an army of people seem to be consigned to the slums forever.



Mr. Johnson's assertion that slums can be rehabilitated is quite debatable; indeed, it is more wishful thinking than fact. In New York, for example, several experienced real estate experts have tried—and failed—to devise a workable rehabilitation system which would not price the repaired housing out of the range of the old tenants. The cost is prohibitive.

The President's suggestions for policy changes are more appealing. His call for the creation of a Department of Housing and Urban Development echoes President Kennedy's original idea. Such an agency is long overdue. If and when it is set up, Dr. Robert C. Weaver would be the man to head it. Weaver, administrator of the Housing and Home Finance Agency, was Mr. Kennedy's choice for the spot.

The President has also asked for a new rent supplement program to help families with incomes too low for conventional private housing but higher than public housing. In addition, he asked for federal aid in developing new towns; grants to buy up land for future planning; creation of a temporary commission to examine building codes, zoning laws and taxation policies.

Dramatic Innovation

The rent subsidy program is notable. Mr. Johnson calls it "the most crucial new instrument in our effort to improve the American city." It is a dramatic innovation. It marks a distinct departure from previous housing legislation.

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Under the plan, if a family wage earner makes $400 a month, for example, and pays a rental of $125 a month, he would be given a federal subsidy. He would be expected to pay about 20 per cent of his salary, or $80, and the government would make up the $45 difference. Where critical housing shortages still occur, such as in New York, the subsidy would be higher.

The rent supplement plan is appealing. It holds out hope that families of mixed economic and racial backgrounds could live together under the same roof. It would mean a step forward in integrated housing, and a move upward for many Negro and Puerto Rican families who otherwise might be confined to lower-income ghettos.

But at the same time, because it is specifically designed to aid families earning $3,000 to $5,000 a year, it completely overlooks those most in need—the people whose incomes are under $3,000. This is where the program is missing the target. The federal government itself has set $3,000 a year as the poverty line, beneath which the "other America" (as Michael Harrington says) lives.

What It Won't Do

The new housing program will not help the thousands of poverty-stricken families on East 100th Street, or those without heat or hot water or electricity inside of the rent-strike buildings that Harlem leader Jesse Gray has pointed up; nor will it help the millions of Negro families in the black ghettos of every major city in America.

It will not help Francisco Matos and his family. They are already suffering from decades of municipal neglect in New York, compounded by 12 years of indifference and apathy on the part of the Wagner Administration. A continuation "on a modified basis" of existing housing programs, such as the President recommends, will help none of the Matos families.

What will it take in the 1960s to raise one-fifth of our nation out of the depths of poverty?

There must be a fundamental change in our attitude towards slums. The 1964 and 1965 housing bills were woefully inadequate. They were far short of what America is capable of producing.

If we are ever to succeed in renewing our cities, housing must be made a major part of the war on poverty, not a minor sidelight. It will do little good to train, find jobs for, or educate the poor of this nation, especially the young, if they remain physically confined to the slums.

A great upsurge of public opinion is necessary if we are once and for all to get the job done. To implement further the national antipoverty program, Congress should approve the President's request for a Cabinet-rank department to handle housing and to coordinate all municipal, state and federal programs.

Likewise, President Johnson's future messages on housing should carry with them the same sense of urgency that inspired the Marshall Plan for Europe in 1947. The United States now has an opportunity to turn the skills, resources and immense national energy it has demonstrated abroad toward the rebuilding of our own "underdeveloped" areas.

Housing in this country should be given the same priority as space explorations. I doubt seriously if landing a man or even a fleet of rocket ships on the moon would make much difference to the majority of slum dwellers who do not have the money to propel themselves into a better neighborhood.

The only way this country can be first on earth, regardless of whether we are first or second in space, is to win the admiration of the rest of the nations of the world by eliminating prejudice and poverty—by wiping out our slums. In the long run, this would be an accomplishment which would dwarf anything man can achieve in outer space.

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RUTH LECHLITNER

SUNFLOWER

Wall-tall in my garden, this bright burning
Sunflower grows. Daily the great round eye
Ray-petalled, follows its god—the stem-pivot turning
Slowly from east to west on the arc of the sky.

Dial-rooted in soil fed by the death of its kind,
Sprung from the dropped seed (the seed knowing rebirth
Even now in the stamened corolla) its leaves
Like outspread hands are lifted from the earth

To catch the gift of light. What intelligence shapes
From the root-source not one growth alone
But a species linked to its cycle and always creates
Life from that death, can never perhaps be known.

Brief moments of summer. Then changing, adapting, selecting
From season to season its multiple pattern of need:
Roots, stems, leaves, flowers—a radiance serving perfecting
the infinite order of godhead: sun into seed.

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A Protestant viewpoint

CONCORD AT LEXINGTON

ROBERT McAFEE BROWN

The recent Consultation on Church Union held at Lexington, Kentucky, may have had more important ecumenical consequences than immediately meet the eye. The six Protestant groups meeting there to discuss next steps in implementing the so-called "Blake-proposal" had reached the point of no return. Either they were going to move toward a *specific* plan of union, or they were going to close up shop. Having spent three years discussing church union, they had wisely decided that the continuation of mere discussion would be a diversionary tactic. "Discussion of reunion" is something at which Protestants have become remarkably adept, and the delegates to the Consultation on Church Union could have spent an undisturbed decade doing just that. But having foresworn a future dedicated merely to discussion, the COCU (as we shall now call it) has turned an important ecumenical corner. That in response to a self-imposed mandate either to put up or shut up, there could emerge concord at Lexington, is encouraging to say the least. There is now the possibility that six Protestant denominations (perhaps to be augmented to nine) will carry through a formal plan of union, and thus reduce to that degree the divisions that plague Christendom.

To see this important step in context, it is necessary to back up a bit and get some perspective. A convenient starting point is Grace Cathedral (Episcopal), San Francisco, December 4, 1960. On that occasion, Dr. Eugene Carson Blake, the highest ranking official of the United Presbyterian Church, preached an historic sermon, "A Proposal Toward the Reunion of Christ's Church." The sermon attracted immediate attention and, indeed, became one of the most important religious news stories of the year. In it, Dr. Blake called on members of his own denomination, in conjunction with the Episcopal Church, to join with the Methodist Church and the United Church of Christ in forming "a plan of church union both catholic and reformed." He urged other churches as well to accept the invitation, and subsequently the Disciples and the Evangelical and United Brethren became full partners in the discussion.

Reaction to the sermon was immediate and widespread, covering the whole range of comment from Bishop Pike's immediate rejoinder that the sermon was "the most sound and inspiring proposal for the unity of the church in this country which has ever been made in its history," to that of the rector of Trinity Church in New York who described it as "so unrealistic and un-Biblical that it borders on fuzzy-headed thinking." Despite a few rejoinders even sterner than the latter, and disdainful comment by such leaders as Methodist Bishop Gerald Kennedy, the overall reaction among the four denominations was positive; and each appointed representatives who met for a preliminary and exploratory session in Washington, D.C., on April 9-10, 1962. At this time the Consultation on Church Union was formed, and the goal sought was expanded to that of a church "truly catholic, truly reformed, truly evangelical."

Detailed Reactions

Since that time, the proposal has received much attention, and those desiring to pursue the issues in detail can consult three sources: Dr. Blake's original sermon, a series of detailed reactions to it, along with Dr. Blake's reaction to the reactions, can be found in Brown and Scott, eds., *The Challenge to Reunion: The Blake Proposal Under Scrutiny*, McGraw-Hill, 1963, $6.50; the minutes and papers of the first three years of the meetings of the COCU are available in two bound volumes from the secretary, the Rev. George L. Hunt, Box 69, Fanwood, New Jersey, for $2.00 a volume; recent essays on the proposal are contained in a new paperback, Hunt and Crow, eds., *Where We Are in Church Union*, Association Press, 1965, $.50.

Reactions to the original proposal tended to cluster around five main heads, which can be mnemonically

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classified as bustle, bigness, bureaucracy, belief and bishops. The first three concerns focussed on the inordinate energy that would be required to bring such a union into being and the "ecumenical battle-fatigue" that would result, the awesome and perhaps cumbersome size of a church of 22,000,000 members, and the red-tape slowdowns that would result from the intricate structure thereof. Concerns about belief focussed on the fear of reunion by theological compromise, and much time has been devoted in the COCU to an attempt to arrive at conclusions that will have theological integrity. But the thorniest item has been, as it always is in reunion plans, the issue of bishops. When everything else has been worked out, this is the area in which Protestant plans of reunion almost invariably founder and finally sink. We will return to it in a few paragraphs.

The Consultation met a second time in 1963 at Oberlin, Ohio. In addition to the six participating groups, sixteen more churches sent "observers," and it was decided not to discuss church union in general but the specific union of the participating bodies in particular. To Oberlin meetings revealed a surprising consensus on the potentially divisive issue of the relation of Scripture and tradition, and the other "difficult issues" were chosen for treatment the following year: creeds, ministry and sacraments, each to be related to the problem of church order. Special note should be taken of an incisive paper given at Oberlin by Professor Albert Outler (whose papers have a way of being incisive), stressing the fact that the crucial issue was that of *the divided ministries* of the various denominations.

The 1964 meetings were held at Princeton, New Jersey, and this time the "observers" included Fr. George Tavard and Fr. William Baum, both of whom likewise attended the recent meetings at Lexington. Discussion centered on the themes of "one ministry," "one baptism" and "one table." While there was nothing approaching a full consensus, there was enough sense of growing agreement for the six denominations to plan a 1965 meeting on the theme of "the ordained ministry in the united church." The general impression given by the press after the Princeton meetings was that the COCU had just about folded up. This was due to two factors in particular: (1) the prominence given in the press to the Episcopalian insistance, which had been known to all participating churches from the start, that any ministry in a united church must be validated by relationship to the historic episcopate, and (2) a particularly negative series of reactions by the Methodist representatives, who had grave doubts that their denominations would agree in the near future to work toward a specific plan of union. The fact that the Princeton meeting thus adjourned with a certain pall cast over it, makes the more remarkable what seems to have been achieved last April in Lexington.

Full reports on the Lexington meetings are not yet available, but even lacking them, it is clear that all six denominations, after discussing "the ordained ministry in the united church," were convinced that not even this divisive area need shipwreck their concerns. The result was a unanimous vote to establish a special commission to draft a *specific* plan of union for the six churches. This commission will have one member from each denomination, and will present a proposal when the COCU meets again in Dallas next May.

Reunion Precedents

A number of ecumenical issues emerge out of this brief review and I propose for the rest of this column to discuss only the central one, reserving the right to comment on some subsidiary themes at a later time.

As noted earlier, the issue of ministry has been the point at which past merger plans have fallen apart. The reason is not hard to find. Some Protestant groups have the episcopate and some do not. Those who do, insist that it is an indispensable part of their understanding of the church and one that they are not prepared to surrender or negotiate away. Those who do not have episcopally-ordained ministries feel that the insistence on episcopacy in a reunited church impugns the integrity of the non-episcopal ministries they have exercised in the past, and which they feel to have been blessed by God.

Now there are a number of ways in which this apparent *impasse* may be approached. The Church of South India, for example, formed in 1947 by the same four denominations mentioned in Dr. Blake's proposal, accepted as valid all the antecedent ministries of the denominations involved, but provided that all ordinations subsequent to the merger should be episcopal. This proposal was accepted by the non-episcopal groups since it did not invalidate their past ministries, but it was not happily received by the Anglican communion, and the subsequent Lambeth Conference made clear that the Church of South India would have an irregular relationship to Anglicanism until such time as all ministers had been episcopally ordained. (Someone observed that the action of Lambeth sounded as though the bishops there were saying, "The Church of South India is manifestly the work of the Holy Spirit, and it mustn't happen again.")

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Subsequent reunion proposals, such as those of Ceylon, North India and Pakistan, along with the proposal in Dr. Blake's original sermon, would provide, at the time of the uniting of the new churches, for a service commissioning *all* ministers to their new tasks. This would not be a "re-ordination" but rather an "extension" of present ordinations, to set the recipients apart for ministries in the united church. Representatives of all denominations would, through the laying on of hands, contribute whatever gifts they had to offer to the new ministries to be exercised, and among these, of course, would be the gift of episcopacy. Episcopal ordination would become the practice in all subsequent ordinations. Such a proposal avoids the "awkward" period of a generation in which not all ministries are equally recognized, and it also, by making the act of extending ministries a mutual one, avoids the implication that certain of the previous ministries were not real ministries.

Something of this latter sort will almost certainly emerge in the proposals of the COCU. Is such a step wise? Is this a creative breakthrough, or is it simply a rather clever evasion of deep-seated differences? The answer given depends on who is talking. None of this, for example, would be satisfactory in the eyes of Roman Catholics, for not even Anglican ordinations, let alone non-episcopal ordinations, are held to be valid. The resultant ministries would thus still be invalid in Catholic eyes, even with whatever degree of further grace the Anglican imposition of hands might be held to have bestowed. Many Episcopalians, likewise, will be unhappy at such a resolution, feeling that their understanding of episcopacy has been compromised and badly diluted. (The Anglo-Catholics, for example, are hardly comforted when Bishop Pike can describe such a ceremony as "having everybody lay hands on everybody else and letting the Holy Spirit sort out who has done what to whom.") Many non-Episcopalians will object on the ground that the proposal is not only a subtle trick to get everybody "regularized" by Anglican standards, but also that it introduces episcopacy permanently into their church life—a dimension they have been perfectly content to avoid in the past and see no reason to appropriate in the future. The emotional overtones in some free church traditions to the word "bishop" run higher than any outsider can ever imagine.

The Vital Question

On the other hand, it is patently clear that episcopacy will be one of the features of a reunited church. Those who cannot accept this as a premise for discussion will have to settle for a permanently divided Christendom, and content themselves simply with patching up denominational family quarrels. The realistic question, then, is not "Will a fully reunited church have bishops?" for the only possible answer is "Yes." The realistic question is, "What does episcopacy mean?" And here it is interesting and important that the Episcopalians themselves are by no means of one mind on such a vital question. For some, episcopacy is of the very *esse* of the church, and without it there is no church at all. For others it is of the *plene esse,* the fullness, of the church; without it there can be a "church" but it will be a defective church. For the rest, episcopacy is of the *bene esse,* the well-being, of the church, a helpful and important way of demonstrating the historic continuity of the church with its past, indicating where its teaching authority lies, and so forth. And the important fact is that the latter interpretation would not pose insuperable problems for most Protestants; indeed, in this sense most of them already have something very close to "bishops" in their present structures, even though the term may not be used. If, in other words, Episcopal participants in the COCU can allow to other denominations the same diversity of interpretation of episcopacy that they presently accord their own ordinands, the barriers are not insuperable.

The objection to this mode of procedure will be the same one already stated: is this not reunion by compromise, by ducking the crucial issue rather than facing it? My own response would be threefold: (1) Granting the importance and inevitability of episcopacy in a reunited Christendom, it is better to reunite in terms of openness of definition than not to reunite at all. (2) It must immediately be added, however, that the reason for reunion must not be simply to gain streamlined efficiency in the twentieth-century, but so that we can grow *together* in whatever further understanding of the gifts of episcopacy the Spirit may be pleased to give us in the future. (3) It must be remembered that the traffic here is not all one way. The proposals of a *mutual* laying on of hands is not simply a trick. The Holy Spirit has used non-episcopal ministries in the past, and the willingness of the Anglican priest to kneel and receive gifts of ministry from his Congregational brother in Christ, is his admission that grace does not flow in only one direction. Thus while the Roman Catholic may find the understanding of episcopacy presupposed above to be a hopelessly minimal one, he should also see that it represents a fresh attempt by Protestant groups to enter into an area of the heritage of Christendom that is strange to many of them, with a willingness to receive as well as to give.

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MUSICAL NOTES

THE STAGE

Next week Brecht, this week the Palace.

A good musical to take your (intelligent but limited) aunt to is "Half A Sixpence": "threepence," let's call it, is tuneful, danceful, clean as a hound's tooth. It is based on H. G. Wells' "Mr. Kipps" but the audience is advised to forget the connection as quickly as the adapters presumably did. The original "Mr. Kipps" is not really a musical book at all, but a black and white miniature. The musty tailoring shop, where Kipps mouldered before coming into his brief fortune, had its own indigenous range of sounds—the ping of the front-door bell being the loudest of them—and none of this can be successfully conveyed by dancers reeling around the stage brandishing bolts of cloth. The opening scene disposes of Wells and his story once and for all (the story should get its point from the atmosphere of the shop) after which "threepence" is on its own.

With any musical everything depends on the big establishing number, the rite of initiation which calms the audience's suspicions and enlists it in the night's work. In this case, the big shout comes about twenty minutes along in the proceedings. Kipps leaves his shop, as a bad job in every sense, and wanders into a pub: and before you know it, this meek little chap is flailing for dear life at a totally inappropriate banjo, dancing like a ruddy American and generally laying the standard foundation for a standard but highly agreeable musical.

Any further gestures in the direction of the original serve only to suggest a cut-rate "My Fair Lady" (Kipps falls in with a pack of low-minded Professor Higgins's and gets royally fleeced, and that's the story). But the musical numbers are excellent and this, circumambulate it as we may, is nine-tenths of the battle with a musical. Tommy Steele as Kipps is worth noting: he is not a "big" personality like Barbra Streisand or even Sammy Davis, but a creature of lighter metal, like Fred Astaire or early Ray Bolger. His movements are incredibly buoyant and his timing of patter-songs is near perfect. Above all, he lacks altogether that very slight stink of ego, the cold inner eye, that keeps one from total enjoyment of certain stars. When I saw "I Had a Ball" (too late in its run to review it) I felt that Buddy Hackett, funny as he is, was simulating a comic innocence that no longer came naturally; and

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Danny Kaye gives this impression still more powerfully. For whatever this particular quality may be worth, Tommy Steele still has it, and it makes him one of the most attractive performers around.

The songs are about the best we have heard this season, but like most critics (Albert Bermel at the *New Leader* must be one of the few exceptions), I have nothing very much to say about songs except that they are there. Onna White's dances complete the rout of H. G. Wells but are first-rate for Steele's purposes. To sum up as they used to at *Newsweek*: Your aunt doesn't have to be limited to enjoy the show; but it won't hurt a bit if she is. (*At the Broadhurst*)

Even outside of the atmospheric difficulties, "Mr. Kipps" would have its troubles as a musical. Like many otherwise good stories, it doesn't stand up to the necessary compression. The parts that have to be left out are unfortunately the most important parts. By itself and stripped of Wells' needlepoint observation, the plot-line is gawky and artificial: it would not make a good anecdote—and musical comedies are, first and last, elaborate anecdotes.

We have just had a good reminder of this at the City Center where perhaps the best musical plot ever devised has just finished a limited run. "Guys and Dolls" is based on a very short story indeed, is in effect a plumped-up anecdote rather than a boiled-down novel. The ingenuity of the story-line gives a kind of surprised pleasure everytime one sees it; and the songs do precisely what the songs in most musicals, including "threepence," do not—they replace the things that have been removed from the original, the atmosphere and characterization, even the author's style; in short, they do a night's work.

It is customary to overpraise these musicals at City Center, to say that they are "just as enchanting as ever, etc.," but this is frequently unfair to the original productions. It is nice to have "Guys and Dolls" back on any terms, but people who have not seen it before should not be misled into thinking they are now seeing it at anywhere near its best. The new production is weaker in every single particular, most seriously in the role of Adelaide, where a truly stomach-turning New York accent is required (Adelaide's lyrics are specially designed to exploit this) but is not provided by Sheila McCrae. Alan King as Nathan Detroit was the only one of the principals with any real professional poise the night I saw it—but I may have hit a bad night.

In any event, the City Center needs no encouragement here—the doors were being methodically beaten down by hordes of maddened musical-buffs, who had been making do with the likes of "Baker Street" for much too long, and who wanted to reassure themselves that the American musical had once been something worth shouting about. To judge from the low moans of recognition that ensued, it seems that they found what they were looking for. WILFRID SHEED

POOR DAD

THE SCREEN

So now we have a package of movies about parent-ridden young people and how they survive. That they survive is probably the important thing. In "Shenandoah," the father, played to the hilt by James Stewart, is *the* main character, nearly the whole show; and his six sons, one daughter, one son-in-law, and one daughter-in-law almost melt into a backdrop of handsome, clean-cut, young Americans. If you can endure the film's strong doses of sentimentality (such as the scenes in which Stewart in the cemetery talks to his wife, now dead these fifteen years) you'll find that the screenplay, written by James Lee Barrett, also has its points and is at times, in its mixture of sentiment, interesting story and good sense, reminiscent of *Little Women*.

As the father of a large brood in 1863 Virginia, Stewart has his hands full, not only with a widower's usual problems with a lively family, but also with the opposing armies in the Civil War. He insists on keeping his sons and 500 acres (of good, rich land farmed without slaves) out of the war. For a while, he is successful, even when Reb soldiers come to persuade the boys to enlist. At this point, Yanks swoop down, kill the Rebs, rush off. And the war-hating father asks, "What do you do with dead soldiers?" Later Stewart and his family find themselves enmeshed in the war when the fifteen-year-old son (Phillip Alford), who is sporting a Reb cap, is captured by Yanks. "Now the war concerns us"—and the family starts the search for the boy.

The family comes to know death and tragedy in this anti-war drama, but director Andrew V. McLaglen (the late Victor's son) manages to give "Shenandoah" a feel of continuity and life. It is to be hoped that the sentimental touches won't keep audiences away, especially young people for whom at least one scene is a *must*. When a young Reb officer (Doug McClure) tells Stewart he wants to marry his daughter

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(attractive newcomer Rosemary Forsyth) *because he loves her,* the wise father replies, "But do you like her? That's the important thing."

The young couple in "Joy in the Morning" love each other, I guess—if one may judge from the film's more intimate scenes. But whether they like each other is something else again. In any case, they are subjected to so many problems in this movie that it's doubtful if even well-adjusted young marrieds could come through all these trials with flying colors. Richard Chamberlain, as a law student at a Midwestern university, and Yvette Mimieux, as his bride who leaves Brooklyn and comes to the college town to set up housekeeping with her husband, are pretty enough as the struggling honeymooners, but neither succeeds, under director Alex Segal, in conveying a potential ability for stability.

Yvette makes the child-bride a delightful, though somewhat wacky sprite whose fears were no doubt induced by her lecherous stepfather. Richard makes the husband a hard-working plugger who has more than enough to do what with his legal studies and his caretaker job without having to cope with a temperamental wife or an angry father (Arthur Kennedy) who refuses any financial help unless the marriage is annulled. Richard's frayed nerves are not calmed by the friends Yvette makes: a homosexual florist (Donald Davis) and a divorcee (Joan Tetzel) who is being kept by a well-to-do married man (Oscar Homolka). Although "Joy in the Morning" succeeds in getting over the point that adjustment is not easy for struggling young married people, the picture's main trouble is that its makers couldn't decide whether they were doing a serious study or a soap opera. They must have settled for the latter; Chamberlain sings the title song.

The Italians have sent over an item about misbehaving young folk that can't quite make up its mind either. "The Eye of the Needle," dealing with sober subject matter, is played as a huge joke. The setting, once again, is Sicily—and as far as this place and its people are concerned, I've had it, at least in movies where their ideas of humor leave me cold. This one tells the tale of two gay blades (Gerald Blain and Nino Castelnuovo) who are accused of rape by the victim herself (Annette Stroyberg). Needless to say, the girl's father (Umberto Spadaro) is furious; but so are the boys' parents. After the boys are arrested, each boy is defended in court by his own lawyer (Vittorio Gassman for one, Gino Cervi for the other). Now, anyone who has ever been on a jury and served on a

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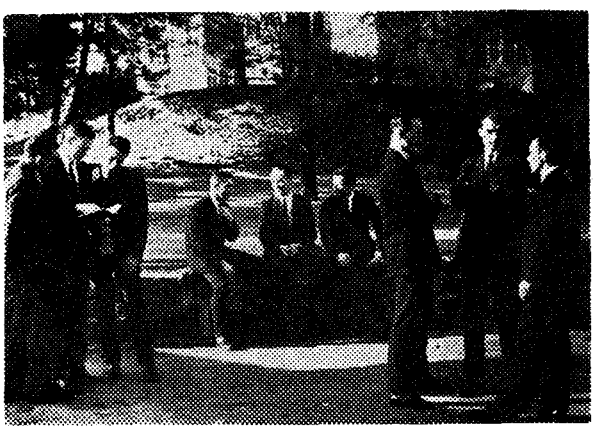

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rape case knows that these trials necessarily cover most delicate subjects. Well, sir, the movie covers them and uses every trick to make the whole affair hilarious. The point is well made that the elders in this case, with their odd ideas on honor and what's right and what's wrong, are as much to blame for the fiasco as the young people. For the tasteless movie, its makers are to blame.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG

BOOKS

Processing and packaging our children

How Children Fail

JOHN HOLT

Pitman Publishing Corporation, $4.50

NAT HENTOFF

"We are faced," Bertrand Russell has pointed out, "with the paradox that education has become one of the chief *obstacles* of intelligence and freedom of thought." *How Children Fail* accepts and documents this thesis as its applies to the school experience of the vast majority of American children. Mr. Holt, a teacher, is not writing about slum schools but rather of prestigious private schools whose children are "to all outward appearances, successful." Anyone with knowledge of the public school system as a whole will recognize that the ways Holt describes in which a child's intelligence, actual and potential, is disconnected from schooling, operate with even more relentless efficiency in non-private classrooms.

The book is based on a series of memos Holt wrote while teaching at the Colorado Rocky Mountain School and it focuses on the root failures of all but a very small minority of American teachers. *How Children Fail* is much more chilling in its impact than Paul Goodman's recent *Compulsory Mis-Education* (Horizon) because Holt is far more specific in his indictments of the teacher-serving instruction methods characteristic of most schools. He begins with the assertion that except for a handful, almost all children who are processed through our schools "fail to develop more than a tiny part of the tremendous capacity for learning, understanding and creating with which they were born and of which they made full use during the first two or three years of their lives."

As a system geared to manufacture "producers" (kids who get the "right" answers), our way of education leaves small space for spontaneity and self-generating interests among its pupils. The children proceed in a lockstep of accelerating pressures to be "right" and thereby to get into the "right" schools and the "right" jobs. Increasingly loaded with work which is linked to scoring as high as possible on menacing, standardized "achievement" tests, the pupils have no time to think; and in fact, by the time they get into secondary school, many see no relationship between creative thinking and their role in class.

Some adapt and eventually become what one educator has termed "poorly programmed computers" under the guise of college graduates. Other resist by reactive stupidity in self-defense against the pressures. They are also classroom-limp proof of the alienation of what they are taught in school from what really interests *them*. And the majority, including those who become "good" subject pupils, are caught in a cage of fear. "Even in the kindest and gentlest of schools," Holt emphasizes, "children are afraid, many of them a great deal of the time, some of them almost all the time . . . afraid of failing, afraid of being kept back, afraid of being called stupid, afraid of feeling themselves stupid." (Consider, incidentally, how many adults return to a failure fantasy connected with school in their nightmares.)

The "bright" children become skilful players of the "success" game, feeding back to the teachers what the teachers want to hear and otherwise protecting themselves not only from bad grades but from the dangerous free play of intelligence which might not lead to the answers the teachers demand. "The true test of intelligence," Holt notes, "is not how much we know how to do, but how we behave when we don't know what to do." And again and again, Holt shows the paralysis of children when confronted with variations from the familiar ways of stating problems.

Manipulated by teachers so that their behavior may be more easily controlled and so that they can become "successful" by the teachers' criteria, the children in turn learn to manipulate. Inevitably, then, "teachers and schools tend to mistake good behavior for good character." They also mistake the appearance of learning for what was once a satisfying reaching out to experience. "We," adds Holt, "have made them intellectually weak and stunted, and worse, dishonest." And if you think Holt is engaging in polemical hyperbole, consider the moral quality of our national life.

In passing, Holt raises—but does not examine in depth—a number of subterranean problems in American education. If the private school children he describes have been so squashed by their teachers, how much more crushing a constriction of capacity has been perpetrated in the public schools? And how many of those we too loosely categorize as "mentally retarded" have actually cut *themselves* off from learning? The March, 1964, report of the Presi-

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dent's Panel on Mental Retardation disclosed that "our best estimate is that of the 5½ million retarded persons in the United States, over 4½ million have no known pathological anomalies." The schools can't be blamed for all of this sociologically shaped retardation, but they are responsible for a great deal of it.

A corollary hidden trap is the increasing tendency by some neo-determinist educators to claim that if a "disadvantaged" child is not saturated with compensatory education in his earliest years, it is soon too late to "raise" his intelligence by much because a high percentage of intelligence capacity expansion occurs only in those earliest years. But we have not done nearly enough research on the "truth" of this very sophisticated cop-out. Our schools indeed show that intelligence can be compressed. "Perhaps," Holt observes, "it can also be rebuilt." And he makes clear, in examples from his own teaching experience and that of others, how possible it can be—once one finds where the child really is in his confusions and capacities—to release intelligence. The appalling fact is that, with all the scurrying emphasis on new curricula, teaching machines and the like, we still do not know very much about how to unblock intelligence that has been functionally damaged by quasi-mechanical teachers, traditional and "enlightened."

Holt himself fails in his surprisingly cursory analysis of what can be done to arrest and reverse the mis-education of children. "Schools," he prescribes, "should be a place where children learn what they most want to know, instead of what we think they ought to know." He advocates "classrooms in which each child in his own way can satisfy his curiosity, develop his abilities and talents, pursue his interests, and from the adults and older children around him get a glimpse of the great variety and richness of life. In short, the school should be a great smörgasbord of intellectual, artistic, creative, and athletic activities from which each child could take what he wanted, or as little."

But what does this actually mean? To what extent is a teacher's role in this context to provide challenges and stimuli rather than just to service the self-developing child? What of those children who need more encouragement than others to feel free to find themselves? If a child's "interests" do not include reading, at what level of reading ability do we leave him? How does one train teachers to be sufficiently spontaneous to function among spontaneous pupils?

Holt has written an important dissection of a fundamental failure of this society, and he evidently has the imagination and intellectual tenacity to now go beyond the attack to hard thinking about how to restructure the educational system. I expect that if he does, he will discover that his smörgasbord curriculum will become more and more complicated to create. A radical redefinition of education is not that easily designed, let alone implemented. In any case, *How Children Fail* may at last create justified anxiety in a number of parents who deplore from a distance the ghetto schooling of the "culturally deprived" without having realized that their own children are imprisoned in the larger educational ghetto which produces smooth, interchangeable parts to be fed into the ultimate assembly line for the dehumanized technological society—the multiversity.

Back to China

LESLIE A. FIEDLER

Stein and Day, $4.95

MARTIN TUCKER

In a recent symposium Leslie Fiedler accused Saul Bellow of not being able to structure a novel, of failing to find a myth to load his story on, like the pushcart peddler with wares going everywhere but the center. Fiedler at the same time upheld Norman Mailer as an honest man with a *Weltanschauung* beyond a merely Beat or hippy quality. Mailer's unwitting honesty was, for Fiedler, worth more than Mailer's poor taste and adolescent notions of sex and power.

Perhaps Fiedler was talking about himself, for the faults and virtues he found in these two writers are strikingly revealed in his own novel. Before turning to *Back to China*, however, it might be wise to pollute the air a little with the theme that recurs throughout Mailer, Bellow, Fiedler, Wallace Markfield, etc., etc., in effect the whole entourage of nominal Jewish-American writers. *Herzog* is a novel in which a man avenges himself for his wife's outer-directed destructiveness by suffering. He suffers so well that he becomes the center of the stage and his beautiful

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wife gets what she deserves—everything (car, house, daughter) but the sympathy of anyone. *An American Dream* is wife-revenge *par excellence:* Mailer's hero murders his wife and in the aftermath of living out his juicy fantasy he steals away his father-in-law's maid and former mistress.

To the list of this newest literary sport may be added Fiedler's novel. Revenge motivates Baro Finkelstone from the moment he realizes the efficacy of sterilization till the end of the novel when he rests secure on his superior knowledge. Baro deludes himself into the noble belief that the destruction of his seed will atone for his part in the bombing of Hiroshima. He submits to an operation by a Japanese philosopher in China (where Baro was based during the postwar occupation)—a neat symbolic device since the Japanese is a "war criminal," a hoarder of womb-like tin cans, and has a predilection for very young girls.

Baro is as much interested in punishing his wife and his mother as he is in punishing himself: his mother, because she is the Jewish mother, the one who caused the whole woman-dominated world and so can be rendered more impotent with the loss of children than the sterile but still potent male; his wife, because she is the one *shicksa* who fell and still falls at his feet, but whom Baro mistreats in payment for all the Gentile girls who have spurned him: he sees them seeing his Semitic nose and Socialist tongue sticking like sore thumbs on his swarthy face.

Fiedler is trying for more than an underground cry against the big bad female, but his hero's method of escape is an evasion, not a struggle. And in the final chapter when the trick ending is supplied, as if all the machinery were leading to this practical joke on Baro, Fiedler is at his weakest. For just as Baro is about to be honest with his wife, to confess to her that the reason they have never had children is his sterilization in China twenty years ago, she reveals to him that she is pregnant.

She claims it is Baro's child, but he knows who the real father is, and consequently Baro is once again in possession of the superior weapon of revenge.

In the good old days, Jewish sons faced their fathers and verbally slapped them in order to be men. In these post-D. H. Lawrence times the hero smirks in his Buddha-like shell till he shrieks at the woman beside him he both needs and despises. Fiedler, who as a critic can comment so brilliantly on the psychological inadequacies of American writers, reads here like one of his targets in *Love and Death in the American Novel.*

The reaction to *Back to China* is likely to be intense, if only because one justly expects a great deal from Fiedler. Like Mailer, however, Fiedler is so immersed in his associations that he has not created a whole world, but has presented the undigested world of his vital imagination. Like Bellow, he has not created a structure, or at least a structure that is compelling enough to make the reader forget the constant appearances of literary gratuitousness and autobiographical reminiscences.

For example: the novel opens with the death of an American-Indian student (Baro is a professor at a Western university). Baro, who has been having an affair with the student's Japanese wife, experiences a guilt profound enough to make him remember his days as a young soldier in China, and of the operation that he thought would save him from further guilt in the perpetuation of human tissues and endeavors. It is certainly a good enough peg on which to hang flashbacks, but the constant references to "back to China" make the technique obtrusive; it is like being handed a skeleton key. Nor is there much point in printing the flashbacks with different margins from the narrative of present events. The mechanical device only weakens any emotional response.

Having said all these things, it may seem odd that I also want to praise the book. *Back to China* attempts a large view of society and it is not afraid to reveal its author's feelings. Fiedler grasps for the heavens and stumbles; but the space travelled has been through meaningful places.

The Era of Reconstruction: 1865-1877

KENNETH M. STAMPP

Knopf, $4.95

HOWARD N. MEYER

Even if we had been told the truth about our First Reconstruction, in the glimpses at American history that we had at school, it were well, during the critical years of the second, to study the earlier attempt in depth.

Kenneth M. Stampp has won considerable praise for the insight, craftsmanship and thoroughgoing research of his definitive history of slavery. Unlike *The Peculiar Institution,* the present work is not a history, but a group of lectures, extended and revised for publication. So structured, the work has assets (i.e., brevity and a medium suitable for the speculative projection of fresh insights) and liabilities—foremost of which, I fear, in a field still devastated by passion and prejudice, is a freedom to make factual statements without documentation. This is a double weakness since some readers may not be induced to shed deeply felt beliefs, which Stampp is convinced are myths; others, like this reviewer, who desires to challenge factual statements that have a "consensus" character, or that fail to break sufficiently with the past injustices in historical treatment, are left with a feeling of real frustration.

One of the most striking instances occurs in the chapter dealing with the elements of the radical reconstruction program. He discusses that aspect of greatest relevance to the problems of today: the "condition of economic helplessness" that threatened "to make Negro freedom purely nominal." He reviews briefly the programs for agrarian reform that failed of enactment and introduces a phrase I like, the "sociology of freedom," which he defines as meaning "the ease with which mere laws can be flouted when they alone support an economically dependent class, especially a minority group against whom is directed an intense racial prejudice." Two sentences later,

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however, he repeats one of the most common of historical myths: "To [William Lloyd] Garrison legal emancipation and civil rights legislation were the primary goals, and the economic plight of the Negroes concerned him a good deal less."

Somehow it has continued to seem important to the dominant white culture structure to demean the historical image of the original abolitionists, and Garrison is the favorite whipping boy. The phrase "neo-abolitionist" is tossed off with pejorative undertones by some of the sophisticated left writers; the more vulgar, such as the script-writers for "Profiles of Courage," manage to cast him falsely as the villain in successive episodes dealing with Frederick Douglass and Daniel Webster. I do not suggest that Professor Stampp shared the motive of those who continue a tradition of discrediting agitators and agitation, at a time in our history when agitation for racial and economic justice is so spectacularly insufficient. I do suggest he was careless, in an area where truth has been too lightly dealt with for too long.

Dr. Louis Ruchames, who I hope will do a full-length study of Garrison one day, came to my aid with the evidence. Repeatedly *The Liberator* called for economic reconstruction. "Emancipation," Garrison wrote in one editorial "meets them just where slavery leaves them"; in another he wrote of the "more imperative duty to provide a way by which they may become possessed of land." Under the head, "The Renovation of the South," he stressed the need "to emancipate the Negro from the servitude *even for wages*, and elevate him to the dignity of being his own master, and working his own land . . . The *Liberator* billed Garrison and a fellow-abolitionist late in 1865 as being on a barnstorming tour to demand for freed Negroes "education, elevation, a proprietary interest in the soil, suffrage, and all the rights and immunities of unqualified freedom."

I would not want to leave the reader with the impression that Professor Stampp's book does not have many virtues. He is strong in the emphasis he brings to bear in behalf of such ideas as that our study of the War and the Reconstruction should be a single unit, and that treatment of each suffers in isolation. He shows the tradition that radical reconstruction was "brutal" to be nonsense. He accepts and reminds us of Thaddeus Stevens' penetrating criticism of Andrew Johnson's advocacy of "States' Rights" as being opportunistic and inconsistent and he fairly sums up Johnson's role in history as that "he ranged himself on the side of the racists." He demolishes in a sentence the cumulative effect of three-quarters of a century's attempt to rationalize the *faits accomplis* of the succession of coups and stolen elections that overthrew the biracial governments: "There was, after all, only one way that the Negroes could learn to live as free men—to make mistakes and profit by them." He reminds us of the corrosive, undermining effect on the implementation of the national program of the fact that "everywhere in the North the notion of the Negro's innate racial inferiority remained almost unchallenged."

There are, to be sure, ideas and interpretations with which one can disagree, most notably his belief that Lincoln remained a colonizationist until his death: the fact is that during the twelve months after the Emancipation Proclamation, Lincoln learned more about the Negro than he had during the whole of his previous life, and that he profited from the lesson taught by the Negro soldier in the Civil War —as did the mass of Northerners who, during the "seven mystic years" prior to the panic of '73 "believed in the equal manhood of black folk" (DuBois' phrases). But what one regrets most is that this book is not a history in depth, and that it focusses on political developments in Washington, to the exclusion of the untold grass roots story of Reconstruction in action. Stampp only gives us hints of the real drama of human beings striving to complete their freedom, obstructed and defeated by guerrilla warfare.

Contraception and the Natural Law

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DOROTHY DUNBAR BROMLEY

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The Pill

LEO PYLE

Helicon, $1.65

CHARLES P. KINDREGAN

Catholics and Birth Control and *The Pill* précis recent Catholic thinking about birth regulation. The publisher's claim that Mrs. Bromley's book is "as contemporary as today's newspaper" characterizes the values and shortcomings of both books. The Catholic discussion of family limitation has been given enormous attention by the press, and these two books are largely recapitulations of the debate as the news media have reported it.

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The Pill is a collection of statements made by Church authorities, theologians and married Christians concerning the use of progestin-estrogen pills to suppress ovulation and make conception impossible. Although the organization of the book does give light to the editor's own sympathies, Pyle has gathered and fairly presented a real spectrum of opinion. The experience of reading Ottaviani, de la Bedoyere, Heenan, Häring, Ford and Suenens within the cover of one volume leaves the reader with the same kind of feeling he would get from listening to a debate between Robert Welch and Norman Thomas. Are these people really talking about the same thing?

Catholics and Birth Control gives an overview of the debate. Mrs. Bromley blends hierarchical, theological and experimental expressions into her writing. While *The Pill* is an anthology of statements, this book is essentially an analysis of ideas in terms of certain problems: natural law, rhythm, oral contraceptives, Catholic policy in pluralistic societies, etc. Mrs. Bromley is not a Catholic, and is obviously writing to put the current debate into some kind of sensible perspective for those who have not followed it closely. She was encouraged in this effort by both Planned Parenthood and Cardinal Cushing (who wrote a foreword), and has largely succeeded in writing an accurate, comprehensive, popularized account of the debate.

Both books re-emphasize to this reviewer his own dissatisfaction with the current trend of Catholic thinking about marriage. When the general distaste which married Catholics felt with the legalistic conjugal moralizing of theologians (and the reflection thereof in the parish pulpit) finally emerged from *sub rosa* bedroom conversations into the printed word, I hoped that the ensuing discussion would blossom into a dynamic search for a complete and meaningful theology of marriage. Excepting the writings of a few men, this has not happened.

Instead of a broadening dialogue the present discussion has consisted of two narrow monologues. One group of writers is entrenched behind the walls of post-Liguorian moralizing and has announced that Christianity must be saved from the machinations of Planned Parenthood and the new moral theologians. These defenders in the night tend to quote Connell, Cavanagh, the British hierarchy and selected lines from papal encyclicals to each other. The opposite camp is firmly entrenched behind newly constructed ramparts, but is within firing range of the enemy. Their weapons are the experiences of Rosemary Ruether, the theorizing of Canon Janssens, the ecclesiastical dignity of Archbishop Roberts, the statements of the Dutch hierarchy, and selected lines from the writings of Michael Novak.

There is no sign of peace negotiations, nor even of conversation between the camps. Both sides want a clear and simple "solution" to the problem. Neither realizes that Christian morality is never effectively reduced to a set of rules, or that any insight into the morality of human reproduction is a delusion unless it occurs within the framework of a comprehensive theology of marriage which is experiential, relevant and rooted in the mysteries of creation and redemption.

Dr. Grisez examines the meaning of natural law, which has been one of the more obscure aspects of the birth regulation controversy. I suspect that Grisez is striving to open the meaning of man's existence as a rational sexual being to further philosophical probing, a development which would complement the work of these contemporary theologians who are seeking the relevance of creation for the redemptive order. While Grisez is concerned with the narrow problem of contraception, his premises could become a touchstone for the exploration of a Christian appreciation of the mutually dedicated sexual love by which two become one flesh.

Grisez predicates certain basic inclinations of man, affirming these from anthropological and psychological data. Man's understanding of these inclinations points practical reasoning toward basic human goods which a man should

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REVIEWERS

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"SECULARIZED PROTESTANTISM *is celebrating its own funeral; Tillich and Robinson are declaiming the funeral orations. This is inevitable and probably desirable once the principle of authority has been lost. A secular church will not long survive. Yet here and there, in individual churches, the old principle of obedience to a divine revelation persists; where it does, there is still a church, and still a Lord."*

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want freely to achieve. The author rejects situationalism as requiring man to act against substantive goods in order to maximize reflexive goods. Conversely, he rejects conventional Catholic natural law theory because the negative legalism of this system results from a basic exclusion of moral evils rather than a derivative exclusion of irrational preferences. Because Grisez concludes that contraception is intrinsically immoral as a destruction of the pro-creative good which man should pursue, his work will probably be emotionally attacked or defended by those who have preconceived ideas. Yet, it constitutes a real break-through in modern Catholic natural law thinking, which could occasion a more rational debate on conjugal morality than we have had so far.

CORRESPONDENCE

(Continued from page 371)

for lay teachers match the public school levels. In addition, in some dioceses the lay teachers enjoy such benefits as group insurance, pension plans, and opportunities for further education.

The statement that "The assumption is, of course, that in the case of all teachers, the minimal compensation is equated with minimal qualifications" is casting a slur upon some of the finest teachers in the country. In listing the cold facts of financial findings, the author has overlooked the warmth of dedication. From the conclusion drawn, one could infer that all members of the Peace Corps, Papal Volunteers, Extension Volunteers, a Doctor Dooley, etc., possess minimal qualifications.

As one who has been both a high-salaried business woman and a lay teacher in a Catholic school before becoming a religious, I find this article quite disturbing. In my own case, taking a one-third cut in salary to teach in a Catholic school made sense because it was the thing desired. It seems reasonable to me that some lay teachers prefer lower salaries so as to be able to do what they want to do. It appears unreasonable that a professional woman who wants to serve God *and* teach in a Catholic school as a religious becomes a liability to the parish in which she serves.

SISTER M. ADELE FRANCIS, O. S. F.

Reply

Notre Dame, Ind.

To the Editors: After analyzing Sister M. Adele Francis' letter, I must conclude three things:

1. Her facts reinforce the conclusions of the article. Some of my facts are questioned, and this certainly is the prerogative of any reader, but none are refuted. I sincerely hope other readers question and investigate these facts, because this will serve to further strengthen the conclusions reached in the article. Compensation, of which salary is merely one factor, includes all benefits accruing to a person, such as board, room, education, travel, medical, retirement, and other "fringe" benefits.

2. When criticism leaves the logical and deteriorates into emotional remarks and inferences about slurs, dedication, sacrifice, poverty, etc., one must conclude that refutation of fact is not possible and that a tender nerve has been touched. I prefer not to become involved at such a level of discussion, for it would only detract from the purpose of the investigation, viz., that all teachers need a minimal level of compensation so that they can properly perform their primary function. I would, however, challenge my critic to produce the names of the ". . . many dioceses in which salary scales for lay teachers match the public school levels."

3. Facts which are contrary to what one would like to believe are never easy to accept, because their acceptance demands change; while the challenge of change is a road to progress, it is also a threat to security. In the final analysis, then, the question becomes one of which is more desirable, security or progress.

A. E. SEIDL

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